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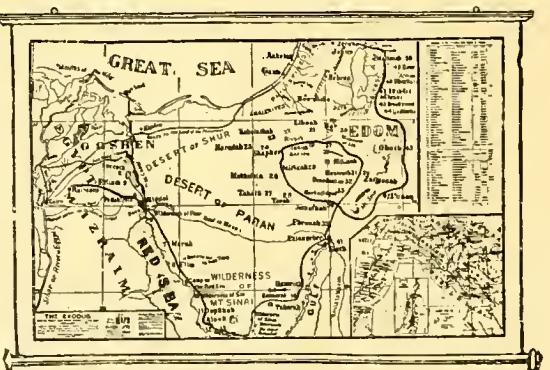


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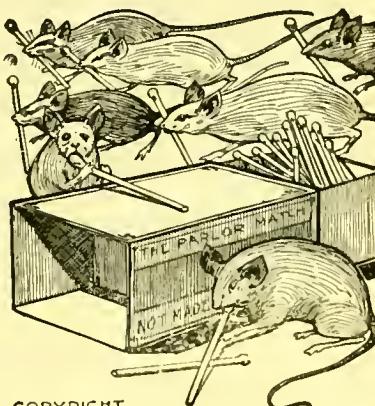


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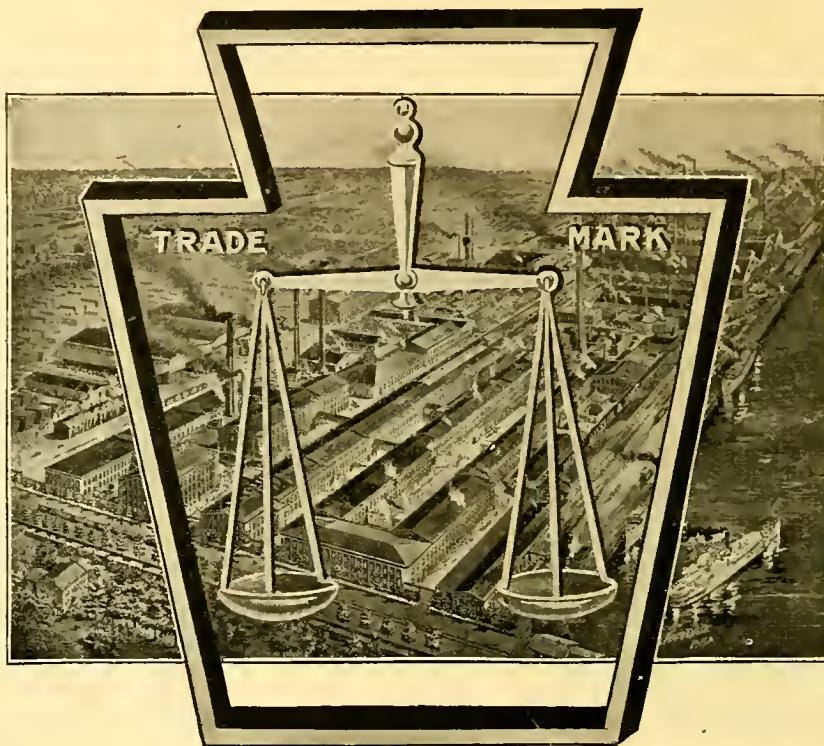
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Fourth Presiding Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
Born Nov. 24, 1830. Died Aug. 2, 1908.



VOL. XLIII SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPTEMBER 1, 1908 NO. 9

Is the World Growing Better?

By Dr. J. M. Tanner.

IV.

GRAFT.

In recent times, nothing has given rise to more serious consideration affecting the welfare of the country than the subject of graft. The growing indifference to the high standard of moral obligations that prevailed a generation ago gives evidence of a decaying public sentiment that bodes no good to humanity. When the insurance scandals revealed the moral obliquities of those who were intrusted with millions of the people's money, the newspapers of the country quite generally laid the flattering unction to their souls that the universal indignation was a healthy sign of an uprising against graft. But was the uprising against the dishonest methods by which so many hundreds of thousands of people had been robbed, or was the uprising due to the individual losses which the people throughout the country so generally felt?

The unearthing of the insurance scandals was the beginning of a whole series of frauds carried on to an alarming extent throughout the industrial life of the United States. After the insurance companies came the great railroad corporations, the grafting method; of whose agents showed that the transportation in our country was full of fraud and graft. Those who were willing to

give bribes to representatives of the railroads were about the only people who could do business in many parts of the country. Even the Pennsylvania road, whose assumed high code of honor was a matter of boastful pride, was found woefully delinquent from a moral point of view.

Then came the packing house scandals which illustrated the corruption of great corporations and their wilful disregard for the health of the people. After that came the public scandal of Pennsylvania's new State house where graft reached the enormous sum of something like \$5,000,000. Later the state officials of California were busily engaged in uncovering the official corruption of San Francisco whose name has become a hiss and a by-word in the nation. Other cities throughout the country are feeling keenly the degeneracy of public morals.

For some years it has been argued that the corruption of the municipal government might be corrected by the inauguration of private business methods. But is private business as it is conducted today more secure and stable than business in public life? In practically every business institution of the country there are enormous safety checks against the almost universal tendency to pilfer. There are cash re-

gisters, bells, checking systems, and other devices improvised to detect theft and to make it as nearly impossible as it can be made.

The March number of a bulletin issued by the Fidelity and Casualty Company of the United States shows that the defalcations and embezzlements for the month of December, 1903, amounted to \$2,072,508: that 99 per cent of this single month's stealing was carried on by the employees in private business houses. Every new device to stop theft is met by some new device to carry it on. It is doubtful whether in any age of history the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," was so persistently disregarded as at the present time.

This is peculiarly an age of frauds, an age of adulteration. The frauds in the preparation of foods have grown so enormously that the federal government has been compelled to pass laws requiring men to label honestly those foods which have been so universally adulterated heretofore. Mr. A. J. Wedderburn, a special agent of the De-

partment of Agriculture, estimated as far back as 1894 that the adulterants in food reached the annual sum of \$1,250,000,000. Our extracts of lemon have no lemon in them. Our fruit jams and preserves are flavored and have little or no fruit in them. Even our maple syrup has become an adulterated beet sugar syrup with a maple extract to give it flavor. So adroit have manufacturers become in deceiving and defrauding the public that this, more than any other age, may be designated as an age of shams.

The protest against modern methods of deception has not been at all universal. Even the federal legislation which has come to our deliverance was the result of the investigations made in the Department of Agriculture rather than as the result of an uprising on the part of the people against the fraudulent treatment received at the hands of those who are adulterating, not only our foods, but our national morals. Yet, some men think the world is growing better.

PERSEVERANCE.

It is related of Tamerlane that, when closely pursued by his enemies, he took refuge in a ruined building, where, left to his solitary musings, he espied an ant tugging and striving to carry a single grain of corn. His unavailing efforts were repeated sixty-nine times, and at each brave attempt, as soon as he reached a certain projecting point, he fell back with his burden, unable to surmount it; when lo! the seventieth time he bore away his spoil in triumph, and left the wondering hero reanimated and exulting in the hope of future victory.

Orison Sweet Marden.

Perky's Stockings.

By *Maud Baggarley*

Perky's papa lost all of his money during a great financial panic and was left very poor indeed. So poor were they that they had to leave their beautiful home and move into a little frame house on the side of a high hill. And instead of beautiful flowers to look at they had to be content to look at the twisted vine-willows, in the swamp

bright red wild-currant and dogwood blossoms.

So, after all, the new home was not a bad place in which to live—especially as mama and papa and the boys were there. And Perky was wise enough to know that it takes more than a beautiful house to make a home; that all the money in the world won't buy love, and, that it is love—and love only—which makes home of a hovel or a palace. Hence living in the new house was not a trial to the little girl.

Perky had a trial, however, and it was not that she was often hungry, because mama and the baby were sometimes hungry too; but the child knew that the Lord would not let them starve so she did not worry about that. But she did worry about her stockings. Now Perky had but one pair of stockings and they were yellow with brown stripes which ran around her fat little legs like the stripes of a Zebra. Thoughtless little boys and girls poked fun at them and although the brave little Perky laughed with them yet her little heart was sore.

In the clearing about her home were hundreds of logs burned black. One day when she was wandering among them, thinking about her stockings, a bright thought came to her. Why not blacken those awful, yellow, stockings. To think, with Perky, was to act. She was soon busily engaged rubbing the black from the charred logs and transforming it to the odious stockings, bumming a little tune as she performed the delightful task.

But she could not get the color



near them, and the tangled wild-blackberry vines which grew all about the new house. To be sure there was a lovely little brook, not far away, in which Perky could wade sometimes when mother would permit. And just over the hill was a wonderful forest of tall shady fir and spruce trees. In this forest, grew beautiful flowers—lilies, spring flowers, lady-slippers, and lamb-tongues, and sometimes

on evenly and they looked worse than ever. Perky's eyes filled with tears as she stood gazing down at them.

Then she remembered that mama had said that God would give a person whatever he asked for if it was not bad for him to have it. So she knelt down among the logs and prayed for a pair of black stockings.

And that very night Perky's

papa noticed those blackened yellow stockings. The next evening, when Perky came home from school, she found a beautiful long pair of real black ones hanging on her chair, and so she laid aside the ugly yellow ones forever. And Perky did not forget to thank her Heavenly Father for them. She knew that the Lord had put it into her papa's heart to buy those stockings.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

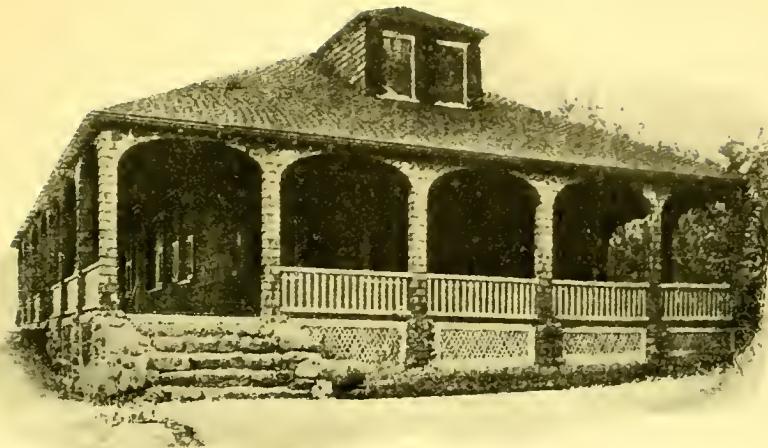
By Madeline Bridges.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.



The Home.

By Rose H. Widtsoe

IX.

Household Decoration—The Parlor.

"The beauty of the house is order; the blessing of the house is contentment; the glory of the house is hospitality; the crown of the house is godliness."

Much is said in these days about the "passing of the parlor" and great emphasis is put upon the living room. A closer study would seem to indicate, however, that it is not the room that is passing away but that its purpose is being given a new interpretation.

The "keeping room" of our ancestors that was reserved for formal entertaining, is not sufficiently in accord with our comfort-demanding age to be kept alive.

The term parlor to many people suggests a square room with a "parlor set" or a few pieces of hair-cloth furniture set at regular distances about the wall; and a "center table in the center of the room and on it a glass case containing wax flowers, and an album. The walls are decorated with the en-

larged portraits of the members of the family. The cheap lace curtains with large designs and the bright colors of the carpet and wall paper all help to make the room conspicuous. The room is seldom aired and sunned but is kept closed tightly until an occasion for a wedding or a funeral arrives when it is opened and used. Ordinarily the members of the family are not allowed to enjoy the "nice things" that are kept in this room.

Happily such parlors are "passing" and some people, because of the ridicule attached to them, are almost afraid to own that they possess a parlor. The fact remains, however, that that ridiculed parlor stood for two things which every well regulated home should have,—a room that is kept in order, and a place where the formal caller may be entertained without intruding into the privacy of family life. The rooms in which the family live and work are not always and should not be expected to be ready for the reception of the passing stranger. With young children or older persons in the family a reception room is certainly a great convenience. So

for the comfort of all it is better that there should be a room near the front entrance for the reception room or the parlor.

It is a kind of homage we pay to the passing stranger, to friends and those whom we value outside of the family, to set apart one room for their visits, but let us not do this to the entire exclusion of the family. Let all the members of the family both old and young enjoy the "best room," but let them do it with the understanding that the room is to be kept orderly. The writer personally knows of the following condition. In the home of a very wealthy farmer the parlor was fitted up with the richest furnishings that money could buy. A very fine piano was purchased, but for fear that some of the little children might creep in unawares and ruin the instrument by leaving their little finger prints on the shining case, it was kept securely wrapped in its rubber cover. It was only removed when an occasional visitor came to see the fine room.

Shame on such a condition. Our children are the rarest possessions that we can possibly have, and no amount of money or fine furniture can compare with them. Let the children enjoy the best that we have, but teach them the proper care of it.

The situation of a room of this kind should be near the front entrance and if this is well planned, a stranger entering the house will naturally turn towards the place where he is to be received, and not stray into the family rooms. When the room is not properly located in the beginning some alteration of doorways should be made or the use of the rooms changed. In one home the latter plan was adopted, making the library into a reception room and the parlor into a living room.

The privacy desirable for a reception room is often defeated by the modern plan of archways in place of doors. Where these conditions exist heavy hangings may be used that will shut out the noise and interruptions. It is always better that the sitting-room and parlor should be connected by an arch, across which hangings can be used, but there are occasions when the parlor should be secluded. The double sliding doors meet this condition. They should be left open and only closed under extreme cases of necessity.

The "stiffness" of the oldtime parlor is relieved now by means of variation in size and style of windows, and the use of grates and mantels. The parlor sets and family portraits may also be eliminated from this room.

It would be impossible to give a formula for furnishing a parlor. Much depends upon the use of the room. A room that must answer the purpose of a living room as well as parlor would require darker, and more quiet colors. The furniture would be heavier and more substantial. We shall consider the treatment of a room that is to be used simply as a reception room.

The modern tendency is towards unsympathetic stiffness on the one hand and the museum on the other. It certainly should be neither of these.

The furnishings of a parlor should be characterized as delicate. It must begin by being beautiful in colors and as, if it is to be used strictly as a parlor, it will lack the variety and richness which is given to the library by books, lounging chairs and all the comforts which characterize the living room, it will be necessary from the very first to keep to a general idea of delicacy and elegance no matter

how simple the furniture and decorations are intended to be. It has been compared to a lady's afternoon toilet of fresh muslins and ribbons or one of richer material. As a fur or heavy jacket would be conspicuous when worn over a dainty muslin dress so would a heavy piece of furniture be in a delicately furnished room. Mrs. Candace Wheeler says that "In the life of the house it answers to the afternoon toilet of the individual."

The popular scheme at present is to furnish the parlor in a "high key" that is white and gold, white and rose, or green and white. This is suitable where there is a great deal of evening entertaining, and where the parlor is used by guests without wraps, the decorations making a brilliant setting for evening costumes. But where the main office of the room (as in homes of moderate cost) is to receive callers in their out of door garments, with the hostess in her ordinary house dress, quiet colors in the rooms are the better choice.

The tint may be blue or green or rose or cream but it must be delicate and everything which goes to make up the whole should be in gradations of the same tint. It may be in white or in pale yellow, which has the property of harmonious combination in a greater degree than any other color. Old rose or blues make a beautiful background for delicately upholstered furniture, and the rare vase or a choice bit of bric-a-brac.

If the walls are hung with paper which carries some design, the curtains should be without design. But, if on the contrary the walls are plain the curtains may well introduce design.

The dainty net curtains or light weight silk curtains are beautiful. Where real lace curtains can be af-

forded they are beautiful but the cheap imitation lace curtain should not be found in our modern homes.

In selecting hangings for our windows we should be careful not to defeat the purpose of the window by selecting heavy material. Light thin material that will show the architecture and admit the light is better. Short curtains coming to the window sill are in good taste.

If a good floor can be afforded small rugs are preferable to the carpet or large rug. The Smyrna rugs made in Philadelphia, are very satisfactory. Oriental rugs with their beautiful durable colors are a constant source of pleasure. Their mellow tones will harmonize with almost any color.

A few water colors in narrow gold frames, and photographs of interesting pictures mounted in white wood frames are suitable to the room.

In selecting chairs for the parlor rockers and Morris chairs may be discarded but comfortable arm chairs of good quality and construction provided. Some light side chairs with cane seats and mahogany frames are useful. The Sheraton models for sofa and chairs are appropriate.

In very elaborate parlors furniture upholstered in very rich and delicate material is often found but for the average home simpler furniture is the better choice.

A small table of good make holding books of pictorial interest or short selections that may be enjoyed by callers who chance to be kept waiting is useful; fresh flowers in pretty bowls or jars will add much to the beauty of the room.

Home Sanitation - Lighting.

"Let there be light!" was the first order of creation, and it is still nec-

essary to cry aloud—let *in* the light.

As the sun is the natural source of heat, so it is the natural source of light. Light not only makes objects visible, but is necessary to life and health. Sunlight is the most powerful purifying and disinfecting agent known to man. It assists each and all of us in resisting disease; it retards or prevents the growth of some germs, while with others it destroys them. Some one has said, "Wherever dust gathers, let the sunshine enter." Avoid the dark closets, storerooms and corner or sink cupboards. See to it that there is no place in the house that the sunlight, and if possible the *sunshine* does not enter.

Light also favors certain chemical changes in both plant and animal life, which are conducive to health. It promotes cheerfulness and thus resists melancholic tendencies. How much more pleasing it is to enter a bright sunshiny room than a dark dingy one. The depressing effect of darkness upon the nerves of patients who are kept in dark rooms often retards recovery to a certain extent.

The strain on the nervous system brought on by using the eyes in too little light may derange the entire functions of the body; circulation, digestion and excretion cannot go on normally, mental force is weakened, and even the moral instincts are perverted. The world is full of sunshine so let each housewife see to it that she supplies her home with a sufficient amount.

One of the first considerations in supplying a house with sunlight is its location. A south and west exposure admits more sunlight than any other position. A house should be so located that at some hour during the day every room should receive some sunshine.

The location of the windows in the various rooms is important. They must admit light and air; they must give a clear outlook, and yet not rob one of one's privacy. Another important thing is the relation of a window to the furniture. Piano backs do not look well from without to say nothing of their effect from the inside. Chairs, sofas, sideboards, beds and the like should be provided for.

There is a great difference of opinion as to whether windows should be distributed or brought together in one motive. One strong argument in favor of the latter plan is that the light is more concentrated and that a more generous view is afforded if the windows of one side of the room at least be grouped. With this grouping the wall space becomes more massed and affords a better chance for the distribution of the furniture. Of course there are places, where the ordinary width of a single window should be utilized. Windows do not necessarily have to be placed in at regular intervals. This plan is a good one for a school room, where an even distribution of light is required, but it is not necessary in a dwelling house.

It may often be found of advantage to use the short high window, as over the piano, or sideboard but it should never be above a dresser nor the couch because of the draught. The dresser should receive light from the side or rear. Even in the case of the piano, the front light should be toned down so that it will not shine too strongly into the eyes. The piano should always receive the stronger light from the side or rear. Stained glass or hangings can be used to modify the light.

The illumination of a room depends very largely upon the color

and texture of its walls, floor and furnishings. We see objects by reflected light and the power of reflection varies with color, surface and texture. A white wall reflects much more light than a dark one, a polished table-top more than a dull surface. In general, light colors and smooth polished surfaces reflect light, while dark, dull, rough surfaces absorb it. The finish and furnishings of rooms, then, are important factors in the problems of house lighting. If the room is naturally dark we can do much to brighten it by using light colors and polished furniture while the opposite treatment will modify the extreme brightness.

Too many houses are unhealthfully darkened by overhanging vines eaves, porches and trees crowded close to the house. Even when the external conditions are favorable some unwise house-keepers keep the blinds tightly drawn for fear the carpet or upholstered furniture might fade. In many cases we do not notice that our children are becoming faded and pale simply because the air in our homes is not kept pure and wholesome by means of sunshine. Let the carpet fade but keep the children rosy.

In early times when the windows were poorly constructed heavy hangings were used to keep out the storm and wind. Happily today our windows are perfectly made so all that is necessary are the dainty net curtains, used simply to relieve the barrenness of the room.

Nature supplies us with an abundance of light for our day time if we will only admit it into our homes. But civilized man has long since been unwilling to stop work or pleasure with the coming of darkness. He chooses to live under

unnatural conditions and must study carefully to adapt those conditions to a body made for very different requirements.

The sun is an intensely bright light, but it is far away, and its light is thoroughly diffused by the atmosphere. It is not intended that we should gaze at it but see by its diffused light. The normal eye is beautifully adjusted to this large amount of diffused light and only when its mechanism has been interfered with does pain or discomfort follow.

For general illumination, then, a bright light thoroughly diffused by globe or shade might seem ideal. But in a large room one light cannot be diffused as well as more lights in different parts. No matter what be the means of lighting, coal-oil lamp, gas light or electricity all light should be diffused through slightly opalescent globes or other means.

Sudden changes from intense light to darkness or vice versa, cause great strain to the eye. It is not wise then to have only a local light furnished for work and the rest of the room in darkness.

For purposes of reading or near work, bright light is necessary, but it should be directed to the object and not reach the eyes. The local light should therefore be shaded by some material which will reflect light from the surface next the flame while it is dark in the surface next the eye. It is very harmful as well as disagreeable at any time to look directly at the flame.

All sources of light except sun-light and electric light use up the oxygen due to direct combustion and vitiates the air by its poisonous gases. One ordinary gas jet uses as much air as two persons, while a coal-oil lamp takes as much as four. When such lights are used

special care should be paid to ventilation.

The kerosene lamp is a common source of light and with the best oil, good burners, proper care, and the flame properly shaded, it is healthful if the rooms are properly ventilated. Without good ventilation unhealthy conditions will prevail.

To secure safety, as well as a strong steady light, the kerosene must be of a high grade, well purified, kept in cans protected from dust or water. There is great danger from explosion, as well as very much less light giving quality, from a low grade of kerosene. The burner should allow sufficient air to get to the wick to ensure complete combustion and create a current that will carry all products upward away from the wick. The air holes and wick tubes must be kept free from dust and dirt. Burners should occasionally be boiled in soda and water. They must be thoroughly dried before using.

Lamps should be filled daily and nearly full so that there shall be no large space between the oil and the burner in which gas may collect. If filled too full, the oil expanding under the heat will ooze out and if ignited outside, may prove dangerous.

Oil lamps without extinguishers, and stoves, should be turned down and allowed to go out of themselves. If not a sudden whiff of air across the top of the chimney may be given. Never blow *down* a chimney. There is danger that the flame may reach the explosive gas or even touch the oil.

The healthfulness of gas depends upon its purity, the character and condition of pipes and fixtures, and

the products of combustion. Being an open flame it is less steady. It is, however, a fixed light and always ready for use.

There is always danger of pipes or fixtures leaking. Oftentimes the gas is blown out instead of being turned off. There are instances where the key worked so easily that a sudden jar turned it on. Where a gas burner "whistles" unburned gas is escaping.

In lighting gas the match should be ignited and placed over the burner ready to apply before the gas is turned on. Whenever the odor of gas is detected it should be traced to its source and the defect remedied. If a strong odor is found the room should be aired before a light is used, as an explosion might result.

The electric light is the ideal light. The light is intense but the bulbs can be made of opalescent glass which will diffuse while it prevents any glare. The little lamps on flexible wires may be placed anywhere. It is without question the most sanitary system known at present.

If electric wiring is carefully done, with reasonable care there is little danger. However, certain precautions should be observed. Knots should not be tied in the flexible cords; this shortening of the cord increases the resistance and results in more heat. The cords should not be hung on metal of any kind, nail, gas pipes, nor allowed to become wet.

Inflammable materials are not suitable for shades. The suggestion of flame coming from a paper or lace flower is contrary to the law of appropriateness. Things should not only be *safe* but *look safe*.

A Beautiful Story of a Dog.

In a book of sporting stories and incidents, issued under the title, "Told in the Twilight," occurs the following:

"To make a long story short, I bought the dog, and after considerable difficulty I got him to the house of the friend with whom I was staying. I kept him shut up in a stable for the next day or two; then I took him away by train to



my place. I fed him myself, put him to bed, had him constantly by me, and petted him to further orders; but he never seemed to be happy.

"The more I petted him the more he moped. He did not exactly pine for he took some nourishment; but as time went on the peculiar look in his eyes grew sadder and sadder, and I used to sit for hours wondering what was the matter with him.

"One day I had gone for a long walk in the country and taken the dog with me. He was so different from other dogs. He trotted soberly along, either at heel or a few yards in front. When I stopped the dog stopped. When I sat down the dog did the same, and looked into my eyes with a kind of expression which seemed to say as plain as words could speak; 'I am your slave; I was sold to you to save those dear to me from starvation; I am obedient and well-conducted. What more do you want? Surely you cannot expect me to be happy in a strange land, exiled from the home of my puppyhood?'

"On the afternoon in question I was some miles out in the country sitting on a bank which overlooked a considerable expanse of heath. I gazed into the dog's face and wondered if the theorists were right when they argued that dogs could reason like human beings.

"'Yes, Tim,' I said, giving utterance to what was passing in my mind, 'you are a long way from your old home. It lies right there to the westward,' and I pointed with my hand over the bracken and heather in the direction. 'That's where your friends are, miles and miles away, with rivers and all kinds of obstacles between, which neither you nor your instinct could ever overcome, unless I helped to guide you back again with the superior knowledge that the Almighty has given to us vain mortals. If it were otherwise, Tim, my boy, and your heart longed to return because you were not happy with me, I would give you free leave to go, with a blessing on the journey. I would release you from the bondage of an

irksome yoke, from the fulfilment of a distasteful duty, and you might start when you liked to follow the setting sun westward, westward, westward, until your poor legs ached, and your brave heart almost despaired of ever reaching the goal of your ambition.'

'Whilst I thus addressed my dumb companion, raising my hand in a theatrical manner, I pointed again in a direct line, as the crow flies, the trail for his old home.

"Judge to my astonishment when the dog got up and came to me, wagging his tail and barking, with a joyous light in those deepset eyes which I had never seen there before. It was the first time the dog had shown any expression of his feelings since I had bought him some weeks previously, and I was at a loss to comprehend its meaning.

"Next he licked my hand and trotted a little way from me. Looking round once he gave a joyous bark, and then made off a comfortable jog trot in the direction I had indicated. In vain I shouted and whistled him back. Tim was off. Soon he disappeared over the horizon and I saw him no more.

* * * * *

"About three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my friend in

the Midlands, which ran somewhat as follows:—

"You remember buying a dog from a collier one afternoon when we had walked over to see the steel works. Well, yesterday I was in the same neighborhood and the man saw me as I passed his house and stopped me. He said the dog had come home again, but as I doubted his word he took me into the cottage, and there, sure enough, Tim was, lying on the bed of a sick child. It seemed the dog belonged to this child, who was a cripple, having received some injury to her spine in childhood, and in sheer desperation from want of food, the father took the dog to sell. At the loss of her pet the child moaned, and they thought she would die; in fact, the doctor had told them he had given up all hope, when Tim, her dog, returned to her. The poor dog was in a terrible emaciated condition, and could only just crawl. They lifted him onto the child's bed, and when she saw her dog once more she wept for joy; from that moment her recovery was assured. The dog has never left her bedside since, and I enclose a postal order for the sovereign you paid for the dog, as the collier says he will sell his soul before he will part with Tim again."



Short Stories from Church History.

By *John Henry Evans.*

XVII.

THE LONELY WAYFARER.

Mr. Coltrin, a man with grey hair and bent shoulders, stood in front of his house one evening at sunset, intently looking up at a large wasp's nest hanging from under the eaves above the doorway. It was evidently the first time he had seen it though to judge by its enormous size, it must have been there some time. Just as he was about to open his mouth to say something, and at the same time to reach for a fishing rod with which to remove the undesirable ornament, a thin voice spoke to him from the neighborhood of the gate.

"Sir, would you mind giving a penniless traveler some food and a night's lodging?"

Mr. Coltrin wheeled about in surprise, and faced the speaker, eyeing him rather keenly for, to tell the truth, his attention had been so absorbed with the habitation of the wasp that he had received such a scare as a rather nervous person sometimes experiences a dozen times a day.

And yet the person on whom his eyes rested proved far from throwing a quieting influence over his slightly ruffled spirits. The stranger was certainly an unusual sight, even in that remote part of western Ohio. He was a weary, weather-beaten man, soiled with the results evidently of a long journey, and besmeared with mud from head to foot. His face, which was pretty well covered by a long unkempt beard, was lengthened as if by sickness, and his eyes, inflamed by pain and fever, stared forward

like a mad man's. But it required no more than a single glance to know that the bedraggled stranger was perfectly harmless. This was why the old gentleman's countenance lighted up with a kindly smile as he answered—

"Why, yes, I suppose so, stranger. We're not in the habit hereabouts of turning anybody away from our door, even though we're not very rich." And so he invited the man into the house.

"Here, Mother," he called out to his wife as the two entered, "here's a traveler that wants something to eat."

A number of the women folk of the neighborhood had come to gossip with Mrs. Coltrin, and all of them were just then seated round a table with the hostess partaking of a light luncheon. In various parts of the rather large dining room also were seated three young men and a young woman, all children of the household. The new comer was made welcome, not only by the father and mother but also by the others present; for in those pioneer days in Ohio hospitality was almost the prevailing characteristic of everybody. And presently he found himself seated at the table with a fresh supply of food brought from the ample pantry.

"Where have you come from, stranger?" inquired Mr. Coltrin, who thought that it was necessary to keep up a conversation. "Judging by your appearance, you must have come a long way."

"Yes," was the reply, "that I have, if twelve hundred miles is a long journey."

"Twelve hundred miles!" ex-

claimed several of the group at once.

"Twelve hundred miles!" was the emphatic response. "And mostly on foot too," he went on with more cheerfulness than the performance of such an arduous undertaking seemed to warrant. "I have come from beyond the Missouri frontiers."

"Indeed," said the old gentleman. "Then you must have heard of the prophets out that way?"

"Phophts, did you say? What prophets?" asked the traveler.

"Why, four strange men who were through this part of the country last November, preaching a new religion, baptizing people, ordaining elders, and organizing churches. They were only passing through here it seems, on their way to the frontiers to preach to the Indians. We have never heard of them since. They did a great work here, though, thousands have embraced their faith, and we among the number with many others in Strongville."

A glad light came into the stranger's eyes. He made a quick movement forward as if he was about to grasp the speaker's hand and say something to correspond with his happy mood. He drew back, however, as suddenly and only asked—

"But what did these men preach that you should call them prophets?"

"Oh they opened the Scriptures in a truly wonderful manner, in such a way as we never before understood. They told us, too, about an extraordinary book, which, they said, was a record made by the forefathers of the American Indians.

"How were they dressed?" was next asked by the stranger. "It may be I have seen them."

"Very plainly," answered Mr. Coltrin, "but comely and neat. Each

one wore a drab hat with a round crown and a broad brim."

"Oh, then," commented the traveler, resuming the meal, "they must have been Shakers!"

"No, no; not at all!" exclaimed Mr. Coltrin. They were of a new sect—the church of the Latter-day Saints, or as they are sometimes called, 'Mormons,' from the Book of Mormon, which is the name of the record I mentioned. I happen to know that the hats were given them by some Shakers hereabouts, in place of their own, which were nearly worn out when they passed through here. You know, they travel entirely 'without purse and scrip' as the ancient apostles did, going mostly on foot from place to place."

"Well, judging from your description, I think I have seen four of them on the frontiers of Missouri," said the stranger. And so—

"You have seen them, then?" they all interrupted in a chorus. "Oh, tell us all about them."

"They crossed the frontiers and stayed among the Delawares. I have heard that the book they carry with them appeals particularly to the Indians, since, as you said a moment ago, it professes to be a record of the red men's progenitors. It appealed to the Delawares, at any rate, for all the tribes were stirred over it. The natives flocked about the missionaries night and day, for a time, to listen to their reading of the book and the explanations they made."

"But the end was not so happy as the beginning. Word reached Missouri that the 'Mormon' elders were inciting the Indians to revolt and the agent ordered the missionaries to depart. The agent, however, would not have taken such a stand if it had not been for the sectarian ministers, who could do noth-

ing with the Indians themselves and for that reason would not let anybody else do anything, like the poor dog in the manger. So the elders, or prophets, as you call them were compelled to leave the reservation without getting an opportunity of seeing the fruits of their labors."

"Were the missionaries in good health when you saw them? How did they look after their long journey? Did they suffer any, I wonder? When are they coming back? I would give the world to see them with these eyes!" and the kindly old gentleman would have gone on firing questions without end from the overflow of his good feelings and interest in them, if the stranger had not interrupted him by the surprising statement—

"You may see one of them this instant if you wish, and without giving anything for the look either, except two or three meals and a night's lodging. I am one of the Lamanite missionaries."

"You are of them! God bless you, man! And so I have at last seen one of the prophets with my own eyes! And what is your name?"

"My name is Parley P. Pratt."

Then they were all wild with joy. Every one tried to grasp his hand at once; they embraced him; they laughed and cried in the same breath, like people beside themselves. If these kind folk had given him a welcome before they knew who he was, they made him a thousand-fold more welcome now he had made himself known. Nothing was too good for this messenger of peace, for that is what he was inasmuch as he had brought the glad tidings of the gospel to thousands.

When their ecstasy had quieted down somewhat so that conversation could be continued, there were

further inquiries concerning the journey of the missionaries from Ohio to Missouri and of the success which they had met with in their labors among the Indians. But as this is already known to everyone who has read the preceding stories, I shall not take time and space to report what Elder Pratt said.

"How is it that you came alone? Why didn't the other brethren come with you?" asked Mr. Coltrin.

"Well, after our expulsion from the Indian territory," was the reply, "we held a council meeting at Independence, Missouri, where two of our members were working, and we discussed the situation. We thought that, since we had been sent out there to preach to the natives, it would not do for us to give up without a struggle. And yet we did not know what we could do. A revelation to the Prophet Joseph, given just before we left Fayette, declared that the great city spoken of in the Book of Mormon and called the New Jerusalem, is to be built 'on the borders by the Lamanites.' And so, all things considered, we thought it best not to abandon the field ingloriously, but rather for four of us to remain there while the other went to New York to report to the Prophet and obtain fresh supplies of literature. Already we had begun to preach among the white population of Jackson county, some of whom we had baptized. As it happened, the lot fell upon me to return to the East.

"It was a hard journey, as you see by my appearance. After nine days I reached St. Louis, where I remained a few days visiting with friends we had made when we went to Missouri, and where I took steamer for Cincinnati. From that place I walked through mud and water till I reached your house,

though in a rather sad plight, as you see."

"Never mind, dear brother," came from the good Mrs. Coltrin, "you've performed a noble mission. As for you, we'll take good care of you till you leave us."

"I know you will," Elder Pratt responded, "and God bless you for your kindness!"

Mrs. Coltrin spoke deeper than she knew then, for next morning found Brother Parley unable to rise from his bed. Had it not been for their excitement at seeing one of the missionaries, the whole family might have seen, the night before, that Elder Pratt's fever-shot eyes betokened something worse than mere weariness. His long, painful journey on foot through the wet had reduced his body to a condition favorable to disease. And so he came down with a very severe case of measles, from which his life was despaired of for nearly two weeks. You know this disease is not generally dangerous in early childhood, except in some cases; but when grown persons "come down" with the disease, it often results in death. For about ten days Parley was confined to his bed, and during part of this time the Coltrins moved round the house with silent tread and very grave faces. He was in good, kind hands, however, and love and tender solicitude, together with the blessings of the Lord, at last

brought him through his severe illness.

One pleasant morning, more than two weeks after the conversation, I have detailed above, Elder Pratt was seated on a horse in front of the Coltrin residence. The animal had been lent him by the family for the rest of his journey. Fifteen or twenty persons, men and women, had assembled in the yard to take an affectionate leave of their beloved brother and teacher.

"Well," said the horseman, "I guess the mission to the Lamanites is almost at an end, and I don't know that we have done much good to the poor Indian, after all."

"Very likely not, very likely not," remarked Mr. Coltrin, "but done a great deal of good to some thousands in Ohio, who are *not* Indians. And God be praised forever," added the good man fervently.

"Yes, that must not be forgotten," said Elder Pratt: "we must not forget that. Very likely this is the greatest good to come out of the Lamanite mission, after all. We never know, when we undertake a thing for the Lord, what's going to come out of it."

The farewells were made, the missionary was off, and the good people, with moist eyes, gazed lovingly at the departing horseman as long as his figure remained in sight.

**O Truth divine! what treasures unrevealed,
In thine exhaustless fountains are concealed!
Words multiplied, how powerless to tell
The infinitude with which our bosoms swell.—P. P. Pratt**

Little Stories.

The Blue Birds.

By C. S. G.

We had been watching them for several days; they were evidently in search of a home. They flew about the veranda, examined all the juttings and cornices, then they flew around to the wood-shed and out-houses, alighted on the joists under the eaves, discussed the advantages and disadvantages of the different situations, and finally decided in favor of the wood-shed. We did not altogether like the situation; however we did not object.

The question of location disposed of, they immediately set to work gathering material for the nest. It consisted of small twigs, hay, dried moss and feathers. The nest was completed in a remarkably short time, and when finished it was a marvel of workmanship and skill. The outer walls were interwoven basket fashion with the hay and twigs, while the inner lining was of feathers and cotton.

Ere long there were deposited five pretty blue eggs; then came the tiresome task of sitting on the eggs. Mrs. Blue-bird didn't seem to mind, but on the contrary seemed to enjoy it; and the mate hopped about and chirruped his delight when not employed providing food for himself and his lady.

One day after she had sat on the eggs about a week we heard a curious noise out in the wood-shed, and hastened to ascertain the cause, and to our dismay, there on the ground lay the nest in ruins, the eggs scattered and broken, and the birds sitting on the crossbeam lamenting their loss.

Soon after this the birds disappeared, and we supposed they had forsaken the scene of sorrow. Several days elapsed before we saw them again. When they did return they brought with them two other birds, the same flying about and chatting as at first, was indulged in, a new location was chosen, and there were soon two nests instead of one.

The birds had forgotten their sorrow and were enjoying the fruits of their labor.

A Cup of Cold Water.

In the wars between Denmark and Sweden, 1652-1660, after a battle in which the Danes were victorious, a stout Danish burgher was about to drink from a wooden bottle, before going to have his wounds dressed. An imploring cry from a wounded Swede lying near made him turn, and using Sidney's words: "Thy need is greater than mine," he knelt by his fallen enemy to pour the water into his mouth. A pistol-shot in the shoulder from the treacherous Swede was his thanks.

"Rascal," he cried, "I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return. Now I will punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle, but now you shall have only half. Drinking half himself he gave the rest to the Swede. The King, hearing of this, sent for the burgher asking how he came to spare such a man's life.

"Sire," he answered, "I could never kill a wounded enemy." "Thou merittest to be a noble," said the King, knighting him on the spot.

Here is the Divine lesson in practice. How many of us can do likewise?

Dora's Minute.

If you asked Dora to do anything she would reply, "In a minute." It was a bad habit she had. "Dora, please bring me a drink of water." "In a minute." "Dora, go upstairs and bring me down my comb." "Yes, mother, in a minute." "Dora, come to your dinner —." "In a minute —."

One day Dora's bird was hopping about on the floor. Somebody went out leaving the door open, just as "somebody" is always doing. Dora's mother said, "Dora, shut the door, or the cat will be after your bird."

"Yes, mother, in a minute," said Dora. "I just want to finish this line in my drawing." But the cat did not wait. In he came, and with one dart had the bird in his mouth.

Down went the slate on the floor, and away went the cat, bird, and Dora. There was a wild chase, but "in a minute" Dora came back weeping, with the dead bird in her hand.

Dora cried—mamma was sad, but said: "A great many things may happen in a minute." Dora has never forgotten that lesson, and never will.

The Anxious Leaf.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go until you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Everytime the tree shook itself and stirred all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily as if nothing could pull it off. And so it grew summer long until October.

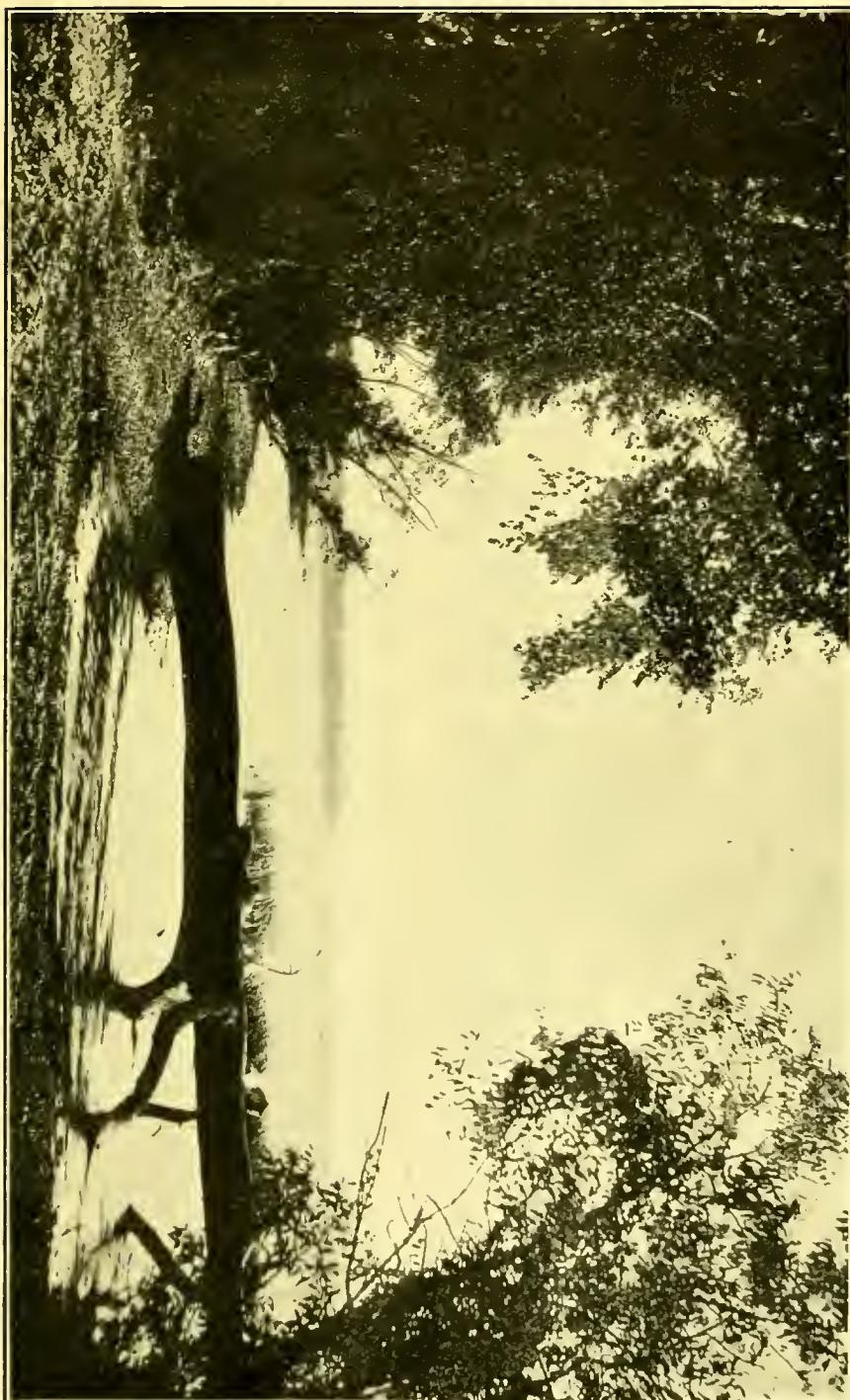
And when the bright days of autumn came the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors.

Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on their beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, too, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in color it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "oh, branches! Why are you lead color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes, for our task is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your work is finished."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down upon the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamt about.



SENECA LAKE, WHERE THE FIRST BAPTISMS WERE PERFORMED.

Christianity in Iceland.

By John Thorgeirson.

On the map Iceland does not appear to be of much importance. It is a barren, isolated island, the middle of which is nothing but glaciers and lava fields. "Yet," said an editorial in the *Deseret News* some time ago, "the sketch of the life and labors of John Sigurdson, the Icelandic patriot, gives a good idea of the struggles of the Icelandic people for the preservation of their nationality, literature, and language. The Icelanders, although few in numbers and struggling hard with the forces of nature for existence, are a most remarkable people. They have played an important part in the history of northern Europe, and occupy a very high plane of civilization."

Iceland was settled during the latter part of the ninth century by some of the most daring and self-reliant sons and daughters of three very bold and warlike nations of northern Europe; namely, the Norse Vikings, the Scotch Celts, and the Irish Celts, those of the Norse, however, vastly predominating. Yet, some of their foremost pioneers belonged to the Celtic race. The great statesman and barrister Njal was undoubtedly of Scotch descent. Keartan Olafson, the noblest, and at the same time the most accomplished of the Icelandic warriors of the Viking age, was the grandson of an Icelandic pioneer and an Irish princess; and there are several others who might be mentioned, if space allowed. When I left Iceland over thirty years ago, it was upwards of 300 years since a murder had been committed on the island, which shows that really

heroic people are more peaceable than cowards.

Dr. George Webbe Dasent, Oxford, England, says in his introduction to Richard Cleasby's Icelandic-English Dictionary, among other things:

"It is peculiarly fitting that a great Icelandic Dictionary should be printed in England, and that the vocabulary of that noble tongue should be rendered into English. It is a well known fact that the Icelandic language, which has been preserved almost incorrupt in that remarkable island, has remained for many centuries the depository of literary treasures the common property of all the Scandinavian and Teutonic races, which would otherwise have perished, as they have perished in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Germany and England."

The Icelandic language may be justly termed the Greek of the North. It is the literary language of the Old Gothic race, and the classical language of the Scandinavians; and consequently it is in Iceland that the purest remains of the Gothic characteristics have been preserved, and the full-blown flowers of Gothic heathendom have blossomed. The following occurrence is one of the many undeniable proofs thereof in existence.

As before stated, Iceland was settled from Norway, Scotland, and Ireland. About three-fourths came from Norway, and about one-fourth from the British Isles. Those latter were Christians, while those coming from Norway were of the Odinic faith, which faith naturally became the national faith in Ice-

land. Gradually, during the ninth and tenth centuries, Christianity died out, except in a place called Church Town Cloister, where it always was in force. But what is most remarkable about this religious condition is, that, so far as any records show, notwithstanding that the overwhelming majority of the people and that most, if not all the civil authorities belonged to the Odinic faith, yet by all appearance the Christians were left entirely unmolested, and were at perfect liberty to worship the God of their choice. And although the mighty Thor was the acknowledged national protector, both in law and practice, yet the Christians were at perfect liberty to kneel down and ask for protection from their Christ, and thereby ignore the national god. There are, however, a few instances on record where the Christians became insolent, and, in overbearing manner, used contemptuous and grossly rude language about the national gods. They were then, through due process of law, found guilty of blasphemy and subjected to the penalty provided by law in case of an offense of that kind. But it is nowhere recorded that those of the Odinic faith acted insolently towards the God of the Christians, which shows beyond doubt that toleration has been one of the principal characteristics of our heathen Teutonic ancestors. There, as well as in several other instances, they have followed nearer to the footsteps of the meek and lowly Teacher of the "Golden Rule" than have his confessors. And it is an open question whether the Christians of the twentieth century, with all their boasted charities, humanity, and modern civilization, have in reality developed, as their boasted pretensions would im-

ply, the power or faculty in man by which he distinguishes between the right and the wrong, in conduct and character, and which imperatively commands and obligates him to do the right, and abstain from doing the wrong. Where there is no reasonable tolerance, there is neither true humanity nor godliness. Justice is no more akin to intolerance than fire is to water.

Either late in the year 995, or early in 996, it so happened that Earl Hakon lost his power in Norway, and in his place came King Olaf Trugvason, a Christian religious fanatic, who for cruelty and religious fanaticism has nowhere in the history of the world been outdone, not even by Nero himself. He soon sent a priest to Iceland, who, after having committed several murders, and other wicked acts was by due process of law, by a jury of no less than twenty-four, found guilty of murder, and exiled.

When he came to Norway he bore an unfavorable story to the king regarding the Icelanders in general, saying it would be a hard matter to get them to sanction Christianity, and denounce heathendom. This made the king so angry that he was going to kill several leading representative young Icelanders who happened to be in Norway at that time. Two young Icelandic chiefs by the names of Hjalty and Gizzur, who had already embraced the Christian faith, hearing of this, went to the king, and pleaded with him for the safety of their young countrymen, explaining to the king that the priest whom he sent to Iceland to convert the people acted more like a roving pirate than a preacher of the Gospel. They told the king that if he did not let those young men go unmolested, then, indeed, the Icelanders would

be heard to deal with, and they would be able to demand man for man, so far as the king's men and the Icelanders were concerned. They thought, however, if they were to go back home right away, smother things down as much as possible, all might come out right. They explained to the king that this priest of his had not suffered any injustice, and that one of their own chiefs would have been dealt with in like manner.

The argument so appeased the king that he agreed not to hurt these young men if Gizzur and Hjalty would go to Iceland and plead the cause of Christianity before their countrymen. They then left Norway in haste, and arrived in their native land while the national parliament was in a session. They went straight there, and on arriving got the opportunity of making a speech in behalf of Christianity. One of the effects of the speeches of those Christian advocates was that all those who had joined Christianity rebelled, and even though much fewer than the others, elected their own attorney-general. Thus there were two attorney-generals, or lawsaying men, one Christian, and one heathen. The attorney-generals being elected they two consulted together, and in a speech made afterwards, the Christian one, whose name was Hall, delivered all the power into the hands of Thorgeir, the regularly elected one. Thorgeir then went to his booth, forbidding each and every one to disturb him. After having thus isolated himself for no less than a day and a night, or the space of twenty-four hours, he called all the thing folk (the parliamentary people) together and made a speech wherein he emphasized the danger which confronted the people if they

were not all of them to be governed by the same law, as that would lead to enmity and bloodshed which would deprive the nation of all its best people, and in a short while destroy it.

He then asked for the privilege of being allowed to declare what should be the law in this matter, which was unanimously granted. He then stated that it was an undeniable fact that Christianity was being established all over Europe, and that Iceland would before long be compelled to fall into line, and renounce its old faith. He therefore announced that Christianity should be declared the national faith; but all should be allowed to honor their old faith and worship their old gods privately. If any one did so openly he should be found guilty of blasphemy, be exiled and have forfeited his rights to his property.

It was therefore made law that all men in Iceland should become Christians and be baptized. A great many were baptized then and there, but all who were not baptized underewnt what was termed "prima signatio," a religious act which admitted those who received it to join in social life with the Christians, and they were also admitted to a special part of the mass, whereas all intercourse with heathens was strictly forbidden. The main reason why they who were present were not all baptized right then was that those who were living on the north, the north-east and the east coast would not go into cold water. They were baptized in the warm springs in Langardal, when on their way home. Evidently immersion was the only mode of baptism in vogue then. In another place is mentioned the fact that the chief and his family were baptized in a river near by the

chief's estate, after which the river was by the heathens called Throtta, or Wash river.

It is needless to say that those of Asa faith regarded themselves as being dealt craftily with. Yet, they

had so much respect for the agreement they had made to honor the law which Attorney-General Thor-geir had declared that no one dis-sented, and Christianity was unani-mously adopted.

Sonnet

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

**Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh, no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.**



Lennie, The Little Run-Away Girl.

By Susie Duncan Clark.

Lennie had a sister older than she whose name was Nellie, and a baby sister two years old. Her papa had died when baby was just a little mite, and Lennie could just remember how she used to ride upon his broad shoulders, and that she always went with him to milk so as to carry to the house the little bucket of "strippings."

Since papa had died, she lived in part of Grandpa and Grandmamma's house with Mamma and sisters.

On this morning I am going to tell you about, Lennie and baby were playing out in the garden. It was a beautiful Spring morning; the sun shone brightly; the bees and birds were humming and chirping as they flew busily about. The world was beautiful and everything seem-

ed so happy that baby and Lennie clapped their hands and sang too, as they skipped and ran about.

Just then Nellie came out with a sad face and said that Mamma was very ill with the sick headache, and Nellie was going to take baby down to Grandma Smith's to spend the day, but that Lennie would have to stay at home and help Mamma.

Lennie watched Nellie and baby out of sight, then her eyes filled with tears. It seemed as though the birds and everything had quit singing, and that the bees had flown away. She thought it would be so nice to be down to Grandma Smith's, where there were so many little cousins to play with. It was so quiet, and Lennie felt so lonely that the tears came faster and faster and rolled one after another down her

checks until she buried her face in her hands and cried so loud that Mamma heard and called. Now, Lennie didn't mean to disturb her Mamma, and was very sorry, for she loved her very dearly and knew how she suffered with those sick headaches, so she quickly wiped her tears away and tried to smile as she ran in the house to see what her Mamma wanted.

There was a glass of water to get, the fire to attend to, and some of baby's toys to put away. "Bless the little dear," thought Lennie, as she tenderly put away the little playthings, "I wonder what she is doing now?" But she kept back the tears and did all her work so quietly that Mamma fell right off to sleep.

It did seem that she slept a long time, but at last she awoke and kissed Lennie for being such a nice little girl, and told her she might now go out for a little walk. "Oh, may I go down by the pond, Mamma, and get some flowers?" asked Lennie. Mamma said, "Yes," and Lennie soon had her hands full of May pinks and Red Indian flowers that grew around the pond.

Now, this pond was in the middle of the road that led to Grandma's. Just three blocks farther north and one west was where her sisters and little cousins were at play. Lennie stood on the pole fence and tried to see, but it was too far; then she walked just a little farther, and still on and on, yet she couldn't see across the barns, houses and trees. At last she came to the corner where she had to turn west. It almost frightened her to think how far she was from the pond, and maybe her Mamma was wanting something that minute, and no little girl to get it. Perhaps she would have to call so loud to make Grandma hear that her head was sure to

ache worse. Lennie was about to turn back, then she thought just a few steps more would bring her to the bridge that goes across the large creek; but when she got on the bridge, the water rushed and roared so loudly and it looked so dark and angry that she was frightened. She ran right across; and now she could plainly see the children in their playhouse under the great big boxelder tree. She could even hear their laughter, and she wondered how many rooms they had marked off in their playhouse with rocks: the longer she stood and watched them, the more anxious she became, until she forgot all about Mamma and everything and was soon playing with the children.

They had such a nice time that afternoon. The children didn't seem to think of anything but their play. Lennie though, was quiet sometimes, for there was something hurting her right down in the bottom of her heart, and the more she tried to forget about it the more it hurt, until she felt she couldn't stand it any longer. Lennie thought it was her good angel trying to remind her of her poor Mamma, and made up her mind to run right back home; just then Aunt Lizzie, Mamma's sister, came. She had been to school all day, but as soon as she got home was sent to find Lennie. As it was getting late, Nellie thought they would all go home together.

It was a pretty spring evening, and Aunt Lizzie and Nellie made a chair by crossing their hands, and carried the laughing little baby girl upon it, up the street, while Lennie, her cheeks burning with shame, walked sadly by their side. As they passed one house, Aunt Lizzie's friend came out and asked which was the little run-a-way girl. Poor, little Lennie didn't dare look up,

and the ache in her heart got bigger and bigger until it was so heavy she could scarcely walk home. She didn't raise her head any more for she thought there was someone at every window, watching to see the little run-a-way.

When she reached home, Mamma was better and sitting up against some pillows on her bed. Lennie

raised her eyes a second to see if her Mamma looked as though she had been thirsty, and then laid her head on the pillow by her side and cried and cried till the pillow was all wet with her tears. Then her Mamma laid her hand gently on her hot cheek and said, "I don't think Mamma's little girl will ever run away again."

Be Sure You Are Right.

By Annie Malin.

*A motto, boys? Why, yes, I've heard
Of one, which all may understand;
Simple and short and to the point,
It's suitable for any land.
Just ask God's help, it will be given
And by His Spirit you'll be led,
Then when you find some work to do—
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."*

*A motto, girls? The same few words,
Apply to every girl on earth.
What matters it how rich or poor,
Of ancient house or humble birth?
God made you all and watches o'er,
Pray by His hand you may be led,
In simple acts or highest aims—
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."*

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - SEPTEMBER, 1908

An Important Public Question.

One of the most important public questions requiring thoughtful treatment by the people of this state and indeed of this country is the preservation of what promises to be the greatest resource next to the soil itself, that God has given us. The resource is to be found in the water power which may be generated by the mountain currents, and whose appropriation by private

individuals and corporations is now going on very rapidly.

By the laws of our state, private persons or corporations may take over with comparatively no expense to them, and with great future loss to the state, the water powers which in time will be needed for the development of electricity, whose rapid and wonderful use is yet barely understood by the people. Such interests which are sure to develop into great monopolies under which in the future the people may groan, ought to be, as much as possible, public property under the immediate control of the cities and towns throughout the state. Every municipal organization should aim to control the water powers found at its doors in the mountains near by.

In times past we have looked upon these streams of water rushing down into the valleys as useful only for domestic purposes and the irrigation of our farms. We little dreamed that these mountain streams contained such immeasurable wealth in the generation of electricity, whose use as time goes on will become a prime necessity to the people.

It would seem to be the duty of our state legislature to take some action to protect the people from the establishment of a water power monopoly that shall create a real hardship upon the people before many years. The first uses of electricity throughout our state were limited and private capital was encouraged

to exploit the development of this wonderful force in nature. Now, however, that its use is so certain to become a real public necessity, steps should be taken to protect the people against the oppression of what is certain to be a private monopoly.

At a recent meeting of the state governors of this country with the President of the United States and other leading citizens, an alarm against the loss and the destruction of our national resources was sounded. Every question under consideration at that eminent body ought to be taken up for consideration by the public servants of this state and steps taken to guard the people in the future against hardships which our present wasteful policy will surely entail upon them.

It is to be feared that we have already neglected too long to carry out what is plainly a public duty in the preservation of that great resource, electricity. Although the atmosphere and the earth are impregnated with its subtle power, and although it is present everywhere in nature, its generation for practical use is confined very largely to our mountain streams. Ought not our legislature to say that hereafter these invaluable resources shall be public property, and that private individuals and corporations shall keep hands off? One thing is certain, municipal organizations may yet in many places protect themselves against some future unbearable monopoly by present action for the preservation of these water powers.

Our federal government has provided for future generations a means of protection afforded us by our great forests by making

large reservations from which the timber cannot be taken. The wisdom of these reservations is quite universally acknowledged, and the only regret about them is that they were not established long before.

There is a source of water for irrigation that is only little exploited and which promises to be of vast consequence in redeeming desert lands beyond the reach of present irrigation systems and of great national projects. That source is the subterranean water which in certain places, even in the great deserts, is known to exist in large quantities not far from the surface. Electricity will no doubt be the best, if not the only practical means of developing this great and unexplored source of future water supply.

It does not seem at all unlikely that some day both the state and the federal governments of our country must make large reservations of our water powers for the general good of not only the present but future generations. Why not begin the reservations of certain water powers within our state before it is too late, for example, a substantial water power for every municipality or town, and certain large water powers for the general benefit of the state? Matters of such far reaching consequence to the destiny of the state, and the welfare of the individual should be taken under immediate consideration and some means adopted to protect future public interests that are sure to be lost if something is not done before long.

The Ricks Map.

Everyone who has ever taught Book of Mormon history has felt the need of a good suggestive map of Book of Mormon lands. For a long time, the making of such a map was discouraged. And since we have not had one such map, each teacher has made his own, and we have had a hundred.

Such a condition is almost worse than having no map at all. It leads to endless dispute; and it leaves the pupil with a far worse impression than one map alone, though wrong, or than no map whatever. We are very glad to note, therefore, that at last a Book of Mormon map may be had for use in all classes making a study of that sacred book. The map is prepared by Joel Ricks. Elder Ricks spent considerable time in South America for the sole purpose of locating Nephite historical points. The map is, therefore, prepared by one who has made a special study of Book of Mormon geography. And the map comes endorsed. That is, it is published with the approval and sanction of the presidency of the Church. Of course, the map is not correct in every detail. Indeed, such a thing is impossible without special revelation. But this map of Bro. Ricks' is suggestive and helpful. We cannot see how the Book of Mormon can now be successfully studied without it.

Selecting a School.

This month parents are called upon again to select a school to which to send their children. Where the children are still young enough to attend the public schools, the problem is, of course, simple enough. There our children can get the

very best in both matter and method. And there, too, the effort is generally successful to keep the moral atmosphere pure and wholesome. The children in the grades need hardly cause a second thought of anxiety.

But when the children have become boys and girls of high school age, then the problem of selection is not so simple. Of course, we look first of all for a *good* school. We are anxious that when our sons and daughters are at school, they shall learn as much as possible, and shall learn it as thoroughly as possible. So we try to find the school with the most thoroughly trained specialists as teachers, and with the fullest and most practical equipment for work. In this, of course, we do well.

Yet, there is one thing more important than even the scholarly training of the faculty, or the equipment of the school. There is one thing without which no school is fit to become a training-place for any boy or girl. There is one thing that Latter-day Saints should demand before scholarship. That thing is wholesome atmosphere. Wholesome atmosphere may mean purity, or morality, or spirituality. But whatever be your personal interpretation of the term, it is the thing that makes for wholesome, Godlike development. There are many good schools in the land. Wholesome instruction can be had in any of them. But there are also schools whose influence is not good. They cause much misery and unhappiness —their atmosphere is unwholesome. Select carefully, then, the school for your son or your daughter. Put them not in the way of evil, but lead them where they may gain strength in time to overcome it of themselves. Look first for wholesome atmosphere.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

How to Prepare a Sunday School Lesson.

By Naomi Felt.

The preparation of a Sunday School lesson should not begin with the subject matter of it, but should be preceded by a coming to a realization of the aim of our Sunday school work, as perfect an understanding of the children of our class as possible, as deep a love for them and interest in their welfare as we are capable of, and a recognition that we absolutely must have the assistance of the Holy Spirit if we are to teach spiritual truths.

I shall accept the statement so often made that the object of our work is to make Latter-day Saints of the children, and add, *with strong characters.*

I shall assume that we have made an individual study of each member of our class, have learned not only their names, ages and addresses, but their characteristics, their temperaments, their hopes and ambitions, their joys and their sorrows; have taken special note of their home surroundings and environments—in short that we have, so far as we have been able to *make the opportunity*, gone into their world, breathed their atmosphere, and become acquainted with the soul of each.

From this standpoint then let us take up the consideration of the lesson, with a prayer in our heart after having given voice to one for light and help.

Is the lesson title one that will awake an inquiry in the mind of the

children—is it the best for the object in mind? Let us leave the title then just as it has been suggested by the ones who compiled the course of study, until we shall have determined by a first perusal of the text, what appeals to us as the strongest, most needed truth we can teach from the lesson—what those particular boys or girls of ours need and can digest, that will help build up their character, inspire them with faith, incline them to the beautiful and the good. Let us search until we shall have discovered in the lesson something we think of so much value to the children, that we shall long for the time to come when we can deliver it to them, and that with as earnest a longing as though we had some material gift for them which we thought would make them happy.

Then let us give the gift a title fitted to the aim we have determined upon which will arouse both his sympathy and curiosity, taking the liberty of varying from the printed suggestion in this as well as in the topic-headings if we think by so doing we can get better results with the children for whom we are specially preparing.

Then let us make a mental picture in which will appear:

1st: Our class which is to view the scene and in thought and spirit take part in the evnt to be portrayed by our lesson;

2nd: The time and place of the event, making them true to the facts geographical, climatic, dress, customs, etc;

3rd: Lay out how we can make

what some term the "point of contact" or "leading from the known to the unknown"—beginning with what the child is already interested in and awakening in him sympathy for an interest in, and bringing him to an understanding of the conditions in our lesson story, and thus lead him to take a part in the event itself;

4th: Then the moving pictures, showing the drama represented by our story; and

5th: Last, but most important of all: The method of application—how that aim, that central truth around which all else has encircled until it has been developed, can be made applicable to and be absorbed by our children.

With pencil and paper we should jot down these preliminary steps in our preparation, and then as we carefully re-read the text, note each topic which we think will best develop the lesson aim, re-writing or at least checking the topics given by the General Board, inserting here and there parallels calculated to further enlighten and interest the children, and *teach them the lesson truth.*

Suppose we make a skeleton showing the plan of our lesson along these lines:

Introductory: (a) Point of contact;
(b) Correlation.

Lesson Setting: (a) Time, (b) place, (c) Peoples, (d) Physical conditions: customs, dress, etc.

Lesson Story. (a) Topic headings best calculated to develop aim.
(b) Parallels intended to bring the lesson picture more vividly to the minds of the children, and strengthen the aim.

Illustration: (If not already covered in reaching the point of contact.)

Application or the Enforcement of the Aim.

As an illustration I thought I might use the plan of the lesson which teachers of the Primary Department have prepared for our class to be given next Sunday morning. This lesson is not especially selected, but it is the one given in the General Board outlines for next Sunday's work:

THE CLEASING OF THE TEMPLE.

Text: John 2:13-22.

Aim: We should reverence our places of worship.

Point of Contact: How should we act in our homes? At school?

What are our places of amusement for? How should we act in our places of worship? What are some of our places of worship? To whom do they belong? How should we treat everything in these places?

Correlation: Our last year's lessons were on the Old Testament so as correlation, I would ask: What did the Babylonians, who did not love the Lord, do with the sacred vessels of the Temple? How did this make our Heavenly Father feel?

What was one of the first things the Jews, the people who did love our Heavenly Father, do when they went back to Jerusalem?

Lesson setting: (The children have been taken an imaginary trip to Jerusalem; effort has been made to give them an idea of the time, the customs of the people, and there has been shown them a costume used there, so that it would be unnecessary to go into much detail along these lines).

Today we are going to talk about this Temple when Jesus

visited it at the Feast of the Passover.

Lesson Story:

1 The Temple (a) Its beauty.
(b) Its use. (c) To whom it belonged

2 The Desecration of the Temple:

- (a) Christ's visit.
- (b) His anticipations.
- (c) Conditions found.
- (d) The people's love for money.
- (e) Sacredness forgotten.

3 Christ's indignation because of irreverence.

- (a) His anger.
- (b) His rebuke.

Memory Gem: "Make not my Father's House a house of merchandise." John 2:16.

Application:

What house has the 17th Ward recently built for our Heavenly Father? How was it built? What kind of a place did we try to make it? To whom did we give it? How should we act in entering the building? What care should we take of the seats? How should we walk through the halls? What care should we take of the furniture? What should be the only use made of the sacrament service? If others forget, what should we remind them of? For to whom does it belong?

Song: "I want to see the Temple."

I have not thought it necessary to refer to the review of the previous lesson, assuming that we all recognize the necessity of it and never fail to give it.

Parents' Class.

We have received the following letter on a difficulty encountered in Parents' Class work and deem it

prudent to answer through the columns of the JUVENILE. It reads as follows:

"We are having some difficulty in our Parents' Department that we think you may be able to help us overcome. Following the suggestions published in the JUVENILE of letting each school take the time that it desired on each lesson, the schools were soon working on different lessons, and when the teachers of the Parents' Department come to Union meeting, they are not prepared on the same lessons, hence Parents' Class board members have trouble in making the work beneficial to all. Can you suggest a plan by which we can avoid this trouble."

The question of how long a time is to be set aside for each lesson is a matter for the Stake Boards to determine. It is true that latitude was given to the schools to take what reasonable time they wished for each lesson, but it was not intended that the school should decide this question of time without consulting the Stake Supervisor. It has been noted that some schools are not doing justice to the lessons in "Parent and Child," disposing of them one each Sunday, thinking, perhaps, that this was intended by the General Board. Other schools again, are taking too much time and running to the other extreme. Neither of these extremes is proper and further, the necessary time for the development of each lesson is not given to the schools to determine, but is left to the discretion of the Stake Supervisors with the approval of the Stake Superintendency. Therefore, it is expected that the Stake Supervisors will consult with the Stake Superintendent and determine how many Sunday school

sessions shall be devoted to the discussion of each lesson. And then it is expected that the schools will adhere to the time decided upon by the Stake Sunday School authorites. While all the stakes may not be in unison in regard to the time set aside for each lesson, it is a fact that if the above plan is adopted, the schools of the respective Stakes will be in harmony with each other, and when the class supervisors come to union meeting they, together with all concerned, will be fully prepared for the work in hand.

It may be suggested here that subjects other than the preparations of lessons will doubtless come before the Parents' Class Department at union meeting which will be of the utmost importance. Matters of pressing local interest should not be neglected for the preparation of lessons alone. Home preparation in the Parents' Department should be the rule as in all other departments in the Sunday School work, and those attending union meetings should do so fully prepared.

We trust the above explanation will answer the inquiry of our brother and also others who may be needing information on the same subject.

First Intermediate Department.

UNCONSCIOUS CONTROL.

By Orlinda Woolley.

Another essential element in a teacher is common sense. That is, she must have a practical knowledge of the little things that make up the child's life. Often mistakes are made by judging the child's actions from the standpoint of a grown up, instead of looking back upon her own childhood to discover the motives of the child's act.

If a teacher teaches honesty, moral character, whose every day life is a worthy example for the children. Addison in one of his exquisite allegories describes a conflict for dominion between Truth and Falsehood. As Truth with her shining attendants enters the mythical regions where Falsehood sits upon her throne, the light which emanates from her person falls upon Falsehood, and the goddess insensibly; and as Truth approaches still nearer, Falsehood with her retinue, vanishes and disappears just as the stars melt away in the brightness of the sun. We have in this allegory a beautiful illustration of that marvelous charm, that almost resistless influence, which flows unconsciously from an exalted noble character."

If a teacher teache honesty, truth, obedience, prayer, etc., he must first be honest, true, obedient, and prayerful. Without stopping for illustrations on the power of example—we all know them—let us pass on to the outside conditions and means toward easy control. While mere conditions do not determine success, when they are favorable, they make success easier.

Authority of teachers should be recognized not only by the pupils but by the associate teachers, stake board workers and superintendents. If any suggestion is deemed necessary, and cannot be left until close of class, care should be taken that in making that suggestion the confidence of the children in the teacher be not shaken. It is the right of no person to enter a class room for a two minute survey of the work and at once commence a raid on the class for inattention. He knows nothing of the conditions

causing the disturbance or of what the teacher is doing, and therefore should leave the teacher to her own resources until she call for assistance. Teachers should also have the confidence of the community, so that the parents may uphold them to their children.

An attractive class room lends much to the conduct of the class. Every child loves beautiful things. A carpeted floor impresses the children with the spirit of order, while a bare floor suggests commotion. Pictures on the wall attract any child or grown person. Who does not recognize the power of beautiful pictures? Look upon the scene of the Nativity, The Virgin Mary, the Healing of the Cripple, Feeding the Multitude, the Last Supper. A panorama of the life of our Savior goes through our mind, and you have become better for those thoughts. Look upon the picture of a beautiful canyon painted by Nature in autumn colors, of a waterfall with its sparkling spray, of the faces of beautiful children, or the gorgeous flowers. Are you not filled with a reverent awe for the Creator of these beauties and wonders? Then encourage the children each to bring a picture for their class room. Also have a vase in the room and have them contribute to the bouquet when flowers are in season. After Sunday School the flowers might be taken to some one who may be cheered by them.

I spoke of carpeting the class room. Perhaps the ward is unable to furnish this luxury. How can we do this? The answering of this question suggests a means of becoming more closely united with your children in the social world. Everybody has old rags. Have

your children collect all the rags about the house and bring them to a rag-sewing. A small prize might be awarded the sewer of the heaviest ball. Boys as well as girls will take an interest in competing for the prize. You have an evening's enjoyment, get better acquainted with your children, and in the end have your carpet. Every child when he puts foot on that carpet Sunday morning will feel a thrill of satisfaction that he helped to make it, and each will feel nearer the others, for they all helped to make. Other social evenings might be planned, corn poppings, candy pullings, dances, lawn parties, any of which might be used for raising a little money also, by inviting those not of the class, and charging a small fee.

Get the children interested, and let them help you. Children never tire of a teacher, who in a kind way, keeps them busy; the more they do for us, the more they think of us. Rather than send the unruly boy from the room for punishment send him for a book, send the report to the secretary. While he is gone interest your class in your story. When he returns to find the class intent on what you are saying, he will forget his play in his curiosity to see why the class is so taken up with what you are saying.

Many illustrations of the winning of the unruly boy could be given. One teacher discovered that his most talkative boy was interested in chickens. He talked with the boy about chickens until the boy was won to confidence. Another teacher of our department took especial interest in one known as "the imp of the school" talked with him earnestly, and the boy at once began

to reform. In two months, he had read the Book of Mormon twice, and started the third time; and took an interest in visiting an elderly gentleman of the neighborhood to discuss the Gospel.

To sum up: Our sole aim in Sunday School work is to teach the children to worship God by obeying the Gospel and by developing a noble character.

To do away with scolding, shaking, dismissing from the room, and to hold an unconscious control over the pupils, the teacher must have:

1. Thorough and fresh knowledge of the lesson.
2. Skill in teaching and managing.
3. Will power—evenness and uniformity of control.
4. Common sense—or practical wisdom in the child's common affairs.
5. Heart-power.
6. Positive moral character.

To these requisites of the teacher

add the outer conditions toward easy control.

1. Confidence of all interested.
2. Attractive class room.
3. More attention to the social nature of the child.

Notes.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the fact that we have in stock in our store, a fountain pen which gives entire satisfaction to all who use it. We can recommend it to misionaries, or any others who want a good pen. We refer to the Conklin self-filling pen. See the advertisement in this issue for particulars. Write the factory for a catalog, select your pen, then send your order to us.

We have just issued a new edition of the Dictionary of the Book of Mormon by Elder Geo. Reynolds. This book is indispensable to students of the Book of Mormon. It is neatly and durably bound in cloth. Price, \$1.25 postpaid.



Sunday School of West Colorado Conference, Western States Mission, organized Jan. 12, 1908; total enrollment, sixty-four.

ANNUAL STATISTICAL AND FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE LATTER-DAY

NAME OF STAKE OR MISSION.	STAKE SUPERIN- TENDENT OR MISSION PRESIDENT.	P. O. ADDRESS.	No. of schools.	No. of Members in Wards between Ages of 4 and 20 inclusive.		No. of Members be- tween Ages of 4 and 20 years enrolled in the Sunday Schools	No. of times schools held during year.	No. of Officers and Teachers.	Percentage Attenda- nce of Officers and Teachers.
				No. of schools.	No. of Members be- tween Ages of 4 and 20 years enrolled in the Sunday Schools				
Alberta	William H. Steed	Cardston, Canada	15	1382	1251	570	241	61	
Alpine	J. W. Walker	American Fork, Ut.	14	3384	2915	718	333	73	
Bannock	Nathan Barlow	Chesterfield, Idaho	16	1150	1031	697	302	62	
Bear Lake	John A. Sutton, Jr.	Paris, Idaho	23	2973	2600	1105	486	58	
Beaver	Reinhard Maeser	Beaver, Utah	9	1512	1066	418	145	67	
Benson	J. L. McCurrey	Logan, Utah	11	2272	1994	546	297	67	
Big Horn	Samuel R. Wilcock	Cowley, Wyo.	6	1071	1003	285	172	56	
Bingham	John E. Groberg	Idaho Falls, Idaho	19	3184	2709	925	459	54	
Blackfoot	John Wray	Blackfoot, Idaho	20	271	1931	798	407	59	
Box Elder	Justin D. Call	Brigham City, Utah	25	325	2976	1231	613	63	
Cache	D. C. Jensen	Logan, Utah	11	3205	2772	564	355	62	
Cassia	Reese M. Harper	Albion, Idaho	23	1748	1528	984	421	57	
Davis	Amasa L. Clark	Farmington, Utah	20	3407	2972	950	473	70	
Emery	D. C. Woodward	Huntington, Utah	15	2570	2399	753	343	50	
Ensign	George H. Wallace	Salt Lake City, Utah	7	2582	2020	856	191	85	
Fremont	Ezra C. Dalby	Rexburg, Idaho	23	3507	3135	1072	513	62	
Granite	Geo. M. Cannon	Salt Lake City, Utah	22	5448	4179	1094	516	70	
Huron	Alexander Spence	Wellsville, Utah	11	2274	1899	537	266	65	
Jordan	Clifford I. Goff	West Jordan, Utah	13	3016	2403	653	276	63	
Juab	A. R. Paxman	Nephi, Utah	4	1264	1008	205	103	82	
Juarez	Jesse N. Smith, Jr.	Colonia Dublan, Mex.	9	1682	1638	456	229	63	
Kanab	Edward W. Little	Kanab, Utah	7	772	730	335	109	69	
Liberty	Hugh B. Folsom	Salt Lake City, Utah	9	2654	1917	463	264	81	
Malad	Lewis Williams	Samaria, Idaho	13	1475	1074	580	233	61	
Maricopa	L. R. Gibbons	Mesa, Arizona	5	705	611	208	82	69	
Millard	John Reeve	Hinckley, Utah	11	2081	1662	533	268	60	
Morgan	James H. Taggart	Morgan, Utah	7	708	605	318	150	63	
Nebo	David T. Lewis	Spanish Fork, Utah	17	3977	3375	847	451	56	
North Sanpete	Joseph Hansen	Fairview, Utah	12	2810	2517	542	247	61	
Oneida	John Johnson	Preston, Idaho	20	2570	2054	976	384	61	
Panguitch	Alma Barney	Panguitch, Utah	12	1543	1360	568	251	50	
Paionian	William L. Adams	Parowan, Utah	8	1324	1161	358	141	59	
Pioneer	C. Clarence Neslen	Salt Lake City, Utah	12	2785	2144	615	297	71	
Pocatello	Eghert C. Stratford	Pocatello, Idaho	15	1684	1412	660	285	53	
Salt Lake	Charles B. Felt	Salt Lake City, Utah	11	3568	2957	560	339	73	
San Juan	Hanson Bayles	Bluff, Utah	10	721	687	457	195	68	
San Luis	Ira B. Whitney	Sanford, Colorado	7	551	655	304	119	59	
Sevier	J. M. Lauritzen	Richfield, Utah	16	3087	2527	720	282	67	
Snowflake	Joeph Peterson	Snowflake, Arizona	7	782	773	323	146	60	
South Sanpete	A. L. Larsen	Ephraim, Utah	11	2374	2137	524	211	73	
St. George	Geo. E. Miles	St. George, Utah	27	2621	2380	1266	453	63	
St. Johns	B. Y. Peterson	St. Johns, Arizona	9	587	521	369	130	57	
St. Joseph	Joseph H. Lines	Pima, Arizona	20	1922	1776	935	382	60	
Star Valley	Heber F. Burton	Afton, Wyoming	10	1258	1192	472	247	59	
Summit	J. E. Pettit	Coalville, Utah	17	2006	1779	741	309	55	
Taylor	J. U. Allred	Raymond, Alta., Cana	6	1560	1220	282	139	62	
Teton	Jas. F. Griggs	Driggs, Idaho	10	964	765	374	148	58	
Tooele	Alonzo J. Stookey	Clover, Utah	11	1259	1118	552	170	60	
Uintah	F. G. Bingham	Vernal, Utah	7	1433	1232	356	163	60	
Union	A. S. Geddes	La Grande, Oregon	10	1027	878	472	200	64	
Utah	Wm. S. Rawlings	Provo, Utah	23	4500	3765	994	476	66	
Wasatch	A. Wootton, Jr.	Heber City, Utah	10	1622	1317	455	232	59	
Wayne	Maroni Lazenby	Loa, Utah	11	685	635	452	170	63	
Weber	Thomas B. Evans	Ogden, Utah	29	6561	5646	1484	715	77	
Woodruff	George A. Peart	Randolph, Utah	15	1453	1369	616	201	58	
Missions.		Totals of Stakes,	741	119156	103112	34558	15730	63%	
Australia	Wm. Armstrong	Sydney, Australia	5			231	52	83	
California	Jos. E. Robinson	Los Angeles, Cal.	8			359	69	87	
Central States	Samuel O. Bunnion	Independence, Mo.	13			533	120	87	
Eastern States	John G. McQuarrie	New York City	11			432	69	89	
Great Britain	Chas. W. Penrose	Liverpool, England	78			3357	394	83	
Hawaii	S. E. Woolley	Honolulu, Hawaii	60			2420	296	62	
Japan	Alma O. Taylor	Tokio, Japan	3			138	11	93	
Mexico	Ray Pratt	City of Mexico	5			206	26	83	
Netherlands	Sylvester Q. Cannon	Rotterdam, Holland	14			667	111	90	
Northern States	G. E. Ellsworth	Chicago, Illinois	18			588	116	90	
N. W. States	Nephi Pratt	Portland, Oregon	7			299	73	71	
New Zealand	Louis G. Hoagland	Auckland, New Zealand	32			1344	116	82	
Samoa	Thomas S. Court	Pesega, Upola, Samoa	3			129	49	92	
Scandinavia	Soren Rasmussen	Copenhagen, Den.	21			939	168	80	
South Africa	Ralph T. Badger	Cape Colony, S. A.	1			88	8	99	
Southern States	Ben E. Rich	Chattanooga, Tenn.	23			836	111	87	
Sweden	Peter Matson	Stockholm, Sweden	13			517	91	79	
Swiss & German Society Islands	Serge L. Ballif	Zurich, Switzerland	41			1931	227	89	
Turkey	Frank Cutler	Papeete, Tahiti, Soc. Is.	2			101	12	90	
Western States	Albert Herman	Aintab, Syria	6			231	34	82	
		Totals of Missions	364			15335	2153	85%	
		Totals of Stakes	741	119156	103112	34558	15730	63%	
		Grand Totals	1105	119156	103112	49923	17883	69%	

SAINTS' SUNDAY SCHOOLS, FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31 907

ENROLLMENT BY DEPTS. NOT INCLUDING PARENTS' DEPT.															
Kindergar- ten.		Primary.		First Inter- mediate.		Second Inter- mediate.		Theological.		Total No. of Pupils not including Par- ents' Department.		Percentage Attend- ance of Pupils not including Parents' Department.		Total Enrollment in Parents' Department	
No. of Female Pupils not Including Par- ents' Department.	No. of Male Pupils not Including Par- ents' Department.													No. S. S. Officers and Members of Board not on Ward Roll.	
721	543	370	236	267	190	201	1264	58	347	34	19	1871	500 13	416 78	83
1426	1545	709	485	652	524	591	2971	65	281	42	16	3601	843 00	555 74	287
668	699	264	295	235	290	253	1337	52	249	36	12	1900	289 27	218 10	71
1450	1379	549	576	580	481	643	2829	55	210	41	13	3538	934 75	555 67	139
494	552	337	332	201	144	259	1073	62	150	42	9	1377	278 15	226 05	52
1916	1176	502	379	536	356	449	2222	55	94	38	15	2628	587 88	426 18	161
525	540	229	177	321	165	173	1065	54	187	19	16	1440	287 04	184 87	102
1450	1403	687	522	674	472	498	2853	56	290	33	16	3618	572 83	446 97	125
1045	1036	450	379	495	369	388	2081	56	262	35	14	2764	426 68	362 11	64
1548	1571	605	679	749	585	601	3119	63	173	38	18	4223	909.71	673 05	236
1348	1566	567	385	767	620	575	2914	57	367	36	16	3652	684 09	562 71	124
569	552	341	352	359	307	362	1721	54	323	51	13	2478	380 55	380 55	55
1541	1628	619	566	692	660	632	3169	57	488	36	13	4113	630 21	552 18	138
1180	1330	602	482	473	481	472	2510	52	333	18	19	3205	551 59	443 10	113
930	1246	408	322	626	405	475	2246	64	300	42	14	2741	658 80	516 85	141
1629	1711	705	636	662	602	675	3340	61	291	47	12	4156	1759 86	1594 55	165
2125	2229	1133	744	959	731	787	4354	56	493	33	16	5379	677 22	563 01	114
947	1069	346	356	440	442	4 2	2016	64	187	45	12	2481	375 71	321 51	57
1176	1247	600	544	450	367	462	2423	52	279	26	13	291	662 85	521 02	141
471	574	168	173	289	283	177	1045	57	8	1156	139 28	109 60	49
908	854	309	410	404	349	299	1762	62	310	45	7	2308	626 03	510 18	115
394	447	185	173	152	136	195	341	65	39	43	8	997	114 55	84 65	29
941	1155	521	352	573	292	358	2096	66	200	47	15	2575	982 80	496 97	485 8
681	730	266	318	287	205	335	1411	55	98	65	16	1758	259 17	227 29	81
334	382	236	123	154	107	95	715	57	104	44	7	908	71 65	68 75	2
874	948	412	328	349	359	374	1822	66	357	41	17	2464	611 98	351 54	260
259	342	121	127	160	135	58	601	64	159	46	9	919	167 95	138 28	29
4735	1592	809	681	814	749	677	3730	55	320	41	14	4524	640 29	494 75	145
1145	1346	523	458	626	539	345	2491	60	202	33	13	2953	336 90	310 73	26
1196	1217	494	554	484	471	440	2443	57	303	29	15	3115	595 66	410 04	485
571	743	379	262	289	252	292	1474	59	117	37	17	1859	164 22	144 07	20
574	726	297	253	352	150	247	1300	47	87	75	12	1540	225 81	178 71	47
1090	1120	562	373	562	400	313	2210	59	233	47	22	2762	798 48	650 21	182
761	696	337	294	335	274	217	1457	56	143	37	6	1891	291 48	233 50	57
1386	1656	629	448	899	513	553	3042	59	340	32	22	3743	1268 44	983 73	254
456	470	208	179	205	166	168	926	76	190	35	5	1316	200 69	87 79	112
362	428	91	157	247	119	176	790	47	126	48	5	1040	96 35	84 45	14
1389	1459	482	592	610	515	598	2797	61	293	57	16	3388	346 05	279 01	67
405	363	172	160	431	134	171	768	55	65	56	10	989	176 70	122 05	54
920	1150	449	366	507	371	377	2070	63	165	35	6	2452	357 65	263 30	94
1242	1178	674	402	437	396	509	2420	68	209	43	15	3097	410 90	348 35	92
368	299	76	171	104	98	218	667	56	24	30	6	827
991	1024	407	439	501	268	400	2015	58	233	36	7	2637	341 20	316 60	24
613	669	304	194	323	189	272	1282	59	124	35	8	1664	306 96	186 76	120
833	865	423	366	376	304	329	1698	51	105	30	12	2124	374 49	294 18	20
656	628	304	242	329	267	172	1314	56	153	33	9	1615	334 15	243 70	90
401	413	174	150	195	153	137	814	53	125	41	7	1094	162 01	139 41	22
578	658	281	230	273	238	214	1236	60	41	21	9	1456	211 57	178 25	93
603	692	268	212	410	235	170	1295	48	224	33	13	1695	274 90	252 90	21
498	480	248	207	199	167	157	978	61	189	31	12	1379	290 77	246 03	44
2082	2555	883	759	1009	815	1171	4637	57	425	53	7	5545	900 17	667 95	232
654	733	286	189	380	261	271	1387	66	283	40	13	1915	355 59	297 49	58
333	368	104	199	159	129	110	701	74	23	25	9	903	77 60	63 50	14
202	202	644	967	1205	1229	1061	5744	64	620	33	22	7454	1599 16	1229 26	293

2705	3007	641	962	1805	1223	1083	5714	61	990	56	53	7452	1595 16	1325 36	265 80
649	755	327	284	238	259	296	1404	51	126	30	8	4759	3 3 83	257 83	2600
2374	56446	22963	19994	25316	18665	20882	108820	59%	12738	37%	694	137982	26629 85	20799 21	5830 61
92	145	15	66	35	22	99	257	62	289	33 84	8 37	25 47
191	186	35	91	55	52	144	377	64	7	43	453	151 93	83 77	68 16
218	276	72	107	45	46	224	494	83	16	85	630	34 35	34 35
105	107	43	30	39	160	212	71	281	34 70	10 62	24 08
900	1162	64	450	402	123	1023	2062	71	83	52	2539	310 77	270 43	40 34
735	1005	46	751	161	121	661	1740	50	702	35	2738	391 28	118 50	272 78
79	110	111	28	34	16	189	46	200	11 32	11 32
55	96	45	106	154	67	177
411	404	220	100	155	121	219	815	82	926	199 22	189 21	10 01
255	318	115	72	69	826	573	83	689	76 40	62 20	14 20
227	187	12	119	83	28	172	414	54	487	115 39	115 39
500	546	1046	1046	55	1162
127	97	61	34	64	65	224	88	77	91	350
426	578	83	272	192	128	320	1004	62	1172	236 86	175 68	61 18
23	24	19	7	12	9	47	82	55
239	230	28	122	88	48	213	499	84	21	50	631
201	254	85	55	51	264	455	64	546	94 16	80 51	13 65
730	910	173	432	256	105	674	1640	76	1867	79 90	76 46	3 34
44	52	49	47	96	85	19	71	127
97	93	18	42	42	10	88	190	68	224	28 91	8 30	20 61
5655	6810	785	30 68	1735	1052	5825	12465	70%	925	61%	15543	1798 93	1245 11	553 82

Pleasantries.

COMMON PRUDENCE.

A teacher in a down-town school has for her pupils the children of Russian parents. The other day she was explaining a sum in subtraction which the little ones found difficult to understand.

"Now," said she to exemplify the proposition, "suppose I had ten dollars and went into a store to spend it. Say I bought a hat for five dollars. Then I spent two dollars for gloves, and a dollar and fifty cents for some other things. How much did I have left?"

For a moment there was dead silence. Then a boy's hand went up.

"Well, Isaac, how much did I have left?"

"Vy didn't you count your change?" said Isaac, in a disgusted tone.—Woman's Home Companion.

CORRECTED.

Teacher—Jimmie, correct this sentence, "Our teacher am in sight."

Jimmie—Our teacher am a sight.—The Circle.

THE SEATS WERE SAFE.

"It would please me mightyly, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you go to the theater with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Vera Stout.

"O! come now," he protested; "you're not so heavy as all that."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

A UTILITARIAN.

As Mr. A—, an Arkansas planter, was preparing to drive to the county-seat one day, he was hailed in this wise by one of his negro "hands":

"Marse Gawge, if you's gwine to town I wish you'd git me a license fur to marry Liza Ann Mayberry."

"Why, certainly, Joe," was his response.

Upon his return he gave Joe the license, who, upon looking it over, exclaimed: "Lawd, Marse Gawge! You done made a big mistake. I tolle you I wanna marry Mary Jane Mayberry, an' you done had de license made out fur Liza Ann. Kain't you change de name to Mary Jane?"

"No, Joe," Mr. A— replied, "that would be illegal. I am very sorry that I misunderstood you, but there is nothing to be done except for you to marry Liza Ann, or spend three dollars for another license."

"I ain't got a nudder free dollars!" and Joe departed in high dudgeon.

In an hour he returned, whistling cheerfully. "Gimme dat license, Marse Gawge," he said. "I've done thunk de matter oveh, an' dar ain't free dollahs diffunce 'tween dose two women."—Harper's Monthly.

INEVITABLE PESSIMISM.

"If heaven lies about us in our infancy," how can we expect the world to speak the truth about us when we're grown up?"—The Circle.

INNOCENT.

Mother—You and Willy have been at my cherries again. I found the stones in the nursery.

Johnny—It wasn't me, mother, 'cause I swallowed all the stones of mine.—Frankfort Witzblatt.

AN UP-TO-DATE TRAMP.

Constable—Come along; you've got to have a bath.

Tramp—A barf! What, wiv water?

Constable—Yes, of course.

Tramp—Couldn't you manage it wiv one o' them vacuum cleaners?

ANY OLD CHARACTER WOULD DO.

Doctor (to his cook, who is just leaving)—Well, Mina, I am sorry, but I can only give you a very indifferent character.

Mina—Well, sir, never mind. Write it just as you do your prescriptions.

KEEPING AWAY THE WOLF.

Mrs. Topnote (cheerfully)—Never mind, dear! True, we're in desperate straits just now; but remember, if the worst should come, I could keep the wolf from the door by my singing.

Her Husband (despondently)—Yes, dear; but what if the wolf should chance to be deaf?

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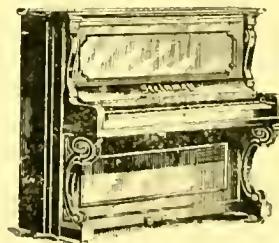
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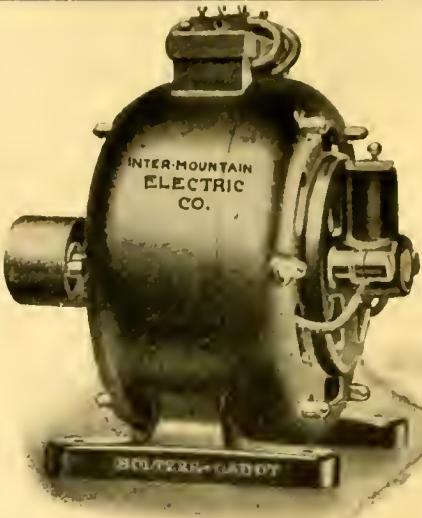
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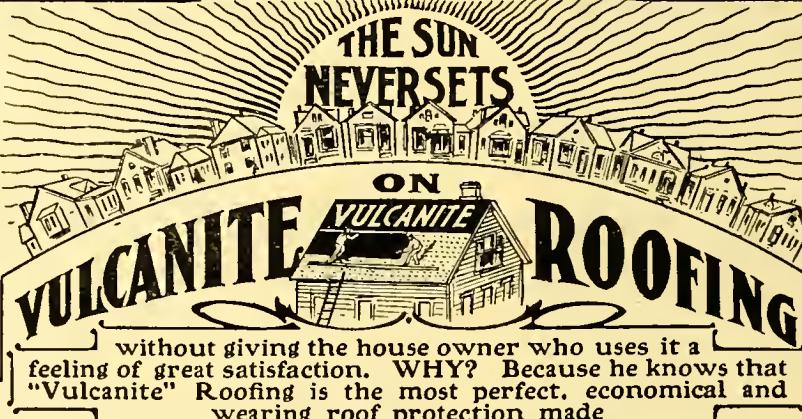
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